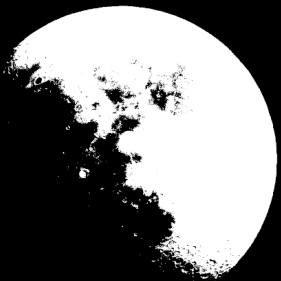




# *Faggotmanteion*

A Pocket Oracle



Last Illusions Printing  
<https://lastillusions.noblogs.org/>  
lastillusionsprinting@proton.me

# *The*

# **FAGGOTMANTEION**

“The faggots cultivate the most obscure and outrageous parts of the past. They cultivate those past events which the men did not want to happen and which, once they did happen, they wanted to forget. These are the parts the faggots love the best. And they love them so much that they tell the old stories over and over and then they act them out and then, as the ultimate tribute, they allow their lives to recreate those obscure parts of the past. The pain of fallen women and the triumph of defeated women are constantly and lovingly made flesh again. The destruction of witty faggots and the militancy of beaten faggots are constantly and lovingly made flesh again. And so these parts of the past are never lost. They are imprinted in the bodies of the faggots where the men cannot go.”

- Larry Mitchell  
*The Faggots & Their Friends Between Revolutions*

## Instructions For Use

The Faggotmanteion is a system of bibliomancy used to provide oracular answers to questions. One of 216 fragments is chosen by the rolls of three dice, each fragment coming from *The Faggots & Their Friends Between Revolutions*. Consecrate three dice, make offerings to the dead, the book, its characters, or the system, ask a question, lose yourself, and roll three times to get an answer. Roll as many times as necessary. Make offerings of amaro, of poetry, of blood, of song, of flowers, of lives. Experiment and play with it.

Take this book to old cruising grounds, to abandoned warehouses and factories, to rivers of filth, to the new cruising grounds, go under bridges and highways, find what is left behind to be explored after civilization paves the world over and abandons half of what was ever there. Gesture to the four directions and the four elements, not the pristine and clean Air of old that smelled of pine and flowers but the choking Smog driving past the eastern treelines and pouring out of the tailpipes of cars thundering above you. Leave behind the imagined fantasies of cool, blue Water without a ripple across its beautiful and mirrored surface and embrace the slick rainbows of Oil coating our surfaces and killing us slowly and quickly from the west. Dig your feet not into soil swarming with life and possibility but the flat and rough amalgamations of Concrete to the north. And to the south, leave the contained Fires to their smoldering campsites and embrace their excess in Waste.

In the debris of the devastated city is a world invisible to men, one to merge with and dig into, buried below the surface where the men stopped looking long ago. This book is as much a product of those places as it is a product of any one or any many persons.

## On Divination

Every divination system comes not with a set of biases but an agenda. They live and they desire and those desires are expressed through their responses. This oracle is not a gateway to universal truth, it is an expression of the queer dead, of Larry Mitchell, of his characters, and of myself. The words were written by Larry Mitchell in the 70s, some of the fragments were chosen by myself, and some by the members of the Tribe of the Rising Sons, to which the main characters of the Faggots & Their Friends Between Revolutions belong to. Moonbeam, Hollyhock, Loose Tomato, Lilac, Pine, and Heavenly Blue each took a turn in its creation and their wills are expressed in the fragments and will be again in the decisions you make as a result, the turns our lives take after the queer dead reach through time and pavement to touch us. The memories of the queer dead are imprinted in our bodies and in our actions and in our lives as ours will someday be imprinted upon another and as their stories can never be lost, neither can ours. We just have to know where to begin searching.

Done with unending inspiration from both the Sapphomanteion and Nietzsche-manteion.

1-1-1 the old faggots who were there

1-1-2 a long time since the last

1-1-3 are still

1-1-4 Worthy only of contempt, abuse, and extinction.

1-1-5 These times make the faggots and their friends  
weep.

1-1-6 and silent waiting.

1-2-1 remain enchanted by plunder and destruction.

1-2-2 Warren-and-his-fuckpole

1-2-3 they have only dead heroes.

1-2-4 the faggots and their friends fade.

1-2-5 forget and let the faggots play.

1-2-6 always one or two falling and so

- 1-3-1 They have not had it very long and yet  
1-3-2 disintegrating as the men  
1-3-3 love, the last illusion  
1-3-4 into elaborate, beautiful designs.  
1-3-5 They learned how the oppressed survive.  
1-3-6 The memory lives in the faggots' bones.



1-4-1 At night in their invisibility the faggots remember freedom.

1-4-2 memoriam and defiance

1-4-3 But the men did not want to be cured.

1-4-4 all cock juice equally precious.

1-4-5 as the ultimate tribute, they allow their lives to recreate these obscure parts of the past.

1-4-6 constantly and lovingly made flesh again.

1-5-1 refuse to celebrate

1-5-2 the faggots enact the ritual of the brutalization of the public arts.

1-5-3 Without words,

1-5-4 with their perceptions and their minds and their love.

1-5-5 only wanted to touch and be touched by the other

1-5-6 very ugly.

- 1-6-1 Some of the faggots are trashy.
- 1-6-2 danger from the men is always present
- 1-6-3 endless amounts of time having glorious
- 1-6-4 there alone always.
- 1-6-5 The faggots, it was noticed, want only to eat so they can playloveplay
- 1-6-6 men, with cruelty in their hearts

2-1-1 loved them with their imaginations

2-1-2 have collapsed.

2-1-3 overtaken by a new mysterious weak

2-1-4 dreaming of a soulful revolution

2-1-5 in the devastated city

2-1-6 fuck

2-2-1 they move onto those hidden places where all cocks are equal and all cock juice equally precious

2-2-2 chance disappears.

2-2-3 And here, without knowing it, the queer men and the faggots commit themselves to each other

2-2-4 go mad living in their world.

2-2-5 imported ham.

2-2-6 while the poor faggots brought life into their huge, barren houses.

- 2-3-1 cracks in decorum
- 2-3-2 lived through in secrecy.
- 2-3-3 despised and fugitive.
- 2-3-4 sucking cock.
- 2-3-5 the spell of dead generations
- 2-3-6 broken.

2-4-1 With a scream of laughter

2-4-2 fathers making love to sons, and sons making love to fathers

2-4-3 what is meant to be forgotten.

2-4-4 on the river of filth

2-4-5 In a speech full of passion and defiance she refused to be what she is not. The men, shocked at this breach in the established order, kill her.

2-4-6 coming through the dirty sky.

2-5-1 disappears into the rubble that surrounds it.

2-5-2 quickly, secretly, and in abundance.

2-5-3 scattered all about

2-5-4 abandoned buildings and obvious toilets

2-5-5 a satisfying meal at home

2-5-6 abstract and empty and have no



2-6-1 nothing

2-6-2 left the men's reality for another space

2-6-3 "And you know..." And on and on and on and on and  
on

2-6-4 everything.

2-6-5 bore women with.

2-6-6 find it hard to be near

3-1-1 long beak nights

3-1-2 This way you don't get raped.

3-1-3 Until one day, in the bright sunshine, on the edge of the ocean, they saw they were not fag hags but smart, strong women.

3-1-4 loving gentle men.

3-1-5 They wore black fish-net stockings and high heels with their black leather jackets.

3-1-6 imitation

3-2-1 The energy of oppression

3-2-2 They do the same acts until they become like a dream.

3-2-3 strangers to everyone.

3-2-4 explore what they can barely explore themselves.

3-2-5 and to each other.

3-2-6 Spaces to be in begin to be created around the great gardens, warm, woody spaces, softly illuminated.

3-3-1 And they elaborate their forms of outrage.

3-3-2 The earth, scarred and gouged and bombed

3-3-3 They come out at night to dance and sing.

3-3-4 together.

3-3-5 awake in the cool mornings, they stroke the plants  
and give them food.

3-3-6 love and passion

3-4-1 lie in the watermelon patch

3-4-2 always like entering a wonderful dream.

3-4-3 They never imagine that their efforts matter all that much. They aid and abet.

3-4-4 so constantly astounding that it seems like a sweet dream.

3-4-5 endlessly in airless, tall buildings

3-4-6 They live on what others no longer want.

3-5-1 It takes all kinds to make the revolutions

3-5-2 The queens are out and are not coming back. They wait for the others to join them.

3-5-3 The situation is fast approaching desperate.

3-5-4 the other queens listened for they knew the cry of insight

3-5-5 Honey, you and me are gonna get it, unless we get them first.

3-5-6 accidental encounters

3-6-1 the ritual of the brief encounter, the ritual of dying  
love

3-6-2 In the midst of the filth shone his eyes.

3-6-3 his heart pounding and his imagination running  
wild.

3-6-4 without a word, made delicious love.

3-6-5 an excuse to stop.

3-6-6 in the men's indoctrination centers

4-1-1 dancing on the boundary between eccentricity and insanity.

4-1-2 absolutely anywhere.

4-1-3 They met one night in a dark corner.

4-1-4 for others.

4-1-5 easily seduced

4-1-6 Lilac and Pinetree



4-2-1 Their first days together they did not speak. They kissed and licked and sucked and caressed until the hunger was gone and they knew they were no longer alone.

4-2-2 flowed around them.

4-2-3 lying naked on a hot faggot beach as waves

4-2-4 odors would get strong and definite and hypnotizing.

4-2-5 love and

4-2-6 transfixed

4-3-1 like Lilac, abstract and transformed.

4-3-2 they all tried to keep the memory of love alive and well.

4-3-3 He wore long robes and danced in the sun.

4-3-4 finding quiet places to love in

4-3-5 romance everywhere

4-3-6 His heart stayed open to any who would pretend with him for a moment that love could thrive in the paranoid weirdness of the men.

4-4-1 morning glories

4-4-2 then began to grow.

4-4-3 longs for his friends

4-4-4 Yet Hollyhock in ruins is still magnificent to view.

4-4-5 Yet at night alone he wonders

4-4-6 strange men

4-5-1 Loose Tomato

4-5-2 could no longer resist

4-5-3 a faggot world being made.

4-5-4 painted the house pink and the trim lavender.

4-5-5 quiver

4-5-6 slightly tilted.

- 4-6-1 giggle with glee.
- 4-6-2 to bring loving vibrations
- 4-6-3 another one begins.
- 4-6-4 Heavy, Horney Hunks
- 4-6-5 fuck and suck in public
- 4-6-6 bathrooms

5-1-1 Faggot Fuck Palace.

5-1-2 Gay

5-1-3 sacred stars.

5-1-4 the dirtier the better.

5-1-5 stay home and get drunk together.

5-1-6 lifetimes of pleasure and pain

5-2-1 His sexual organ shriveled up. It would occasionally twitch involuntarily.

5-2-2 structure of light and gleaming wood

5-2-3 Here they are free to move their heads

5-2-4 Elegant City

5-2-5 pursue the bourgeois rituals of old.

5-2-6 flow outward.

5-3-1 sitting at home in front of large looms weaving cloth and tapestries.

5-3-2 yet inconspicuous.

5-3-3 of fugitives

5-3-4 and how to get out of them.

5-3-5 when the fugitives are hidden even from them

5-3-6 ne'er-do-wells of all kinds



5-4-1 imitators of stars.

5-4-2 cease to be

5-4-3 It is from the women that they learn wisdom and magic.

5-4-4 steal from the men whenever they can

5-4-5 the madness of the men.

5-4-6 stories of atrocities, violence, mendacity, and stupidity.

5-5-1 Their talking might make it so.

5-5-2 and how rich their lives are.

5-5-3 which is not the same.

5-5-4 obsessed with being strangers.

5-5-5 longing to share with all others and to cherish the other men.

5-5-6 He could not follow the admonitions of the harsh voices, he could barely appear to follow them anymore.

5-6-1 he found himself alone and bewildered, he began to notice other men who appeared to share with others and to cherish some of the other men.

5-6-2 Pinetree did not know if what they appeared to be was what they felt, but what they appeared to be was what he felt so he took a chance.

5-6-3 A long look led to a smile

5-6-4 saying, "Tomorrow."

5-6-5 Pinetree was not a man and he was not alone.

5-6-6 They had all heard the harsh voices and none of them believed them.

6-1-1 He never wanted to and so he never tried.

6-1-2 He lived in a world where he could be a mother or a father or a husband or a wife or a passive object or an active force.

6-1-3 He was glamorous when he woke up and seductive at night.

6-1-4 Poor Lilac, he hardly knew what to call himself. Maybe a queer, effeminate faggot sissy.

6-1-5 Yet he did know what to do

6-1-6 Nobody asked any questions.

6-2-1 He found himself leaning up against a wall in a dark, crowded bar.

6-2-2 It was all done with innocence and joy.

6-2-3 Sometimes he went home with someone. He was waiting for the day when he would love.

6-2-4 Everyone behaved as they were expected to behave in this only of all possible worlds.

6-2-5 die at the appropriate time

6-2-6 when it was time to begin it he was bored of the whole idea of it.

6-3-1 a dark room in the devastated city.

6-3-2 Moonbeam moved deeper into the contrary.

6-3-3 hair grew, his clothes disintegrated, his head filled with women's wisdom.

6-3-4 allowed himself to become a criminal and then he fell in love with a faggot.

6-3-5 This was too much.

6-3-6 there was no going back.

6-4-1 They were shocked and ordered Heavenly Blue to begin at once to work

6-4-2 but the queens had merged into the general strangeness of the city.

6-4-3 They had always been out of the law

6-4-4 from a slimy stool-pigeon who knows everything.

6-4-5 eloquent denunciations

6-4-6 leave their elegant dens in the rubble

6-5-1 three days and three nights the queens and their friends told the men, in every way they knew how, to fuck-off.

6-5-2 yet one more time.

6-5-3 The faggots are dressed for play, the queens are dressed to live in another world.

6-5-4 turn them into fantastic creatures that the world has never seen before.

6-5-5 Together and joyous they form a circle

6-5-6 He missed Airamel so much that he became numb and desperate.



6-1-1 therefore dangerous to public reality.

6-6-2 to create a new face and a new past to get him through this new present.

6-6-3 what is to be done next.

6-6-4 They begin to know, from the inside, that they cannot be free until this dance is stopped.

6-6-5 until they no longer need another warm body to feel real.

6-6-6 And when the faggots and their friends cease being the faggots and their friends, the deathly dance of the men will begin to wane and a new dance will begin to emerge. Then the third revolutions will engulf us all.



The Queens are out and are not coming back. They wait  
for the others to join them.



**И**